

Up in the attic where I slept	PAGE 306
Up yonder in Buena Park	284
Upon a mountain height, far from the sea	34
Upon an average, twice a week	95
Upon the hot Egyptian sands	480
Upon this beautiful expanse	491
Us two wuz boys when we fell out	24
Used to think that luck wuz luck and nutbin' else but luck—	208
Venus, dear Cnidian-Paphian queen!	395
Way up at the top of a big stack of straw	163
We wake up and make up	497
We're cleaning up the boulevards	524
What conversazzhyonies wuz I really did not know	4
What dainty boy with sweet perfumes bedewed	377
What end the gods may have ordalned for me	371
What gods or heroes, whose brave deeds none can dispute	400
What of these tidings, Grover dear	500
What perfumed, posie-dizened sirrah	376
What though the radiant thoroughfare	74
When all around from out the ground	328
When baby wakes of mornings	311
When brother Bill and I were boys	256
"When Father Time swings round his scythe	184
When I am in New York, I like to drop around at night	147
When I helped 'em run the local on the "St. Jo Gazette"	112
When I remark her golden hair	144
When I was a boy at college	402
When I was broke in London in the fall of '89	71
When I was young and callow, which was many years ago	129
When I wuz somewhat younger	131
When in the halycon days of eid, I was a little tyke	52
When Jim and Bill and I were boys a many years ago	338
When, Lydia, you (once fond and true	388
When our babe he goeth walking in his garden	270
When prelsing Telephus you sing	389
When the busy day is done	296
When the numerous distempera to which all flesh is heir	122
When the world is fast asleep	138
When the writer has written with all of his might	478
When thou dost eat from off this plate	313
When, to despoil my native France	432
When to the dreary greenwood gloam	174
When treason boldly stalked the land	473
When winter nights are grewsome, and the heavy, yellow fog	86
When you were mine, in auld lang syne	384
Whenas ye plaisaunt Aperlife shoures bave wasbed and purged awaye	45